Ode to Mystery and Blissful Entity

A Series of Sonnets by
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PROLOGUE

“A Letter to The Impossible Spring"

Because it holds everything in six words. She was spring — warmth, beauty, renewal. She was impossible — unreachable, mistimed, a dream.

To the one who arrived when the chapter was already written,

I never told you how I said your name. Every single night. Like it was the only prayer I knew.

You called yourself late. I called you inevitable.

This series was every wall I built around what I felt, dressed in metaphor, because some truths are too enormous to say out loud.

You were my right person. The universe simply forgot to fix the timing.

I wrote you spring, knowing I would winter alone. I wrote you shores I will never stand on. I wrote you singing birds from a silence only I will ever live in.

This is everything I carried. And this is everything I leave.

Go be loved the way I always wished I could.

I'll be the wind beneath whatever song you sing — unnamed, unseen, but there.

Always there.

Not real. Not mine. And yet, I'd dream again.

Every single time.

1. When Martius Ends and Spring Begins

When Martius Ends and Spring Begins,
I hope, he'll get to see her then.
When the war between light and shadow ends,
I'll hope, he'll get his answers then.
His mind and heart at a vicious war,
A war to end the drought of thoughtlessness.
Her mind at a transient pause,
Winded up in her secluded sepulchre.

Intertwined by dejected destiny,
He Stumbled upon her sepulchre.
Curious at the discovery,
He dared to unwind the mystery.
In a hope to unearth blissful eternity,
He waits for Martius to end and Spring to begin.

2. Promises under Downpour

Drenched in the downpour,
Her sepulchre discerned.
The pain that let her under, was divulged.
Red and black her body and soul,
Those moments of pain she beared on her own;
Those dark clouds that led to her downpour.
Her mystery un-winded,
A ballad of ambivalent love and pain.

Their Union, futile.
Their love, indomitable.
Embracing eternity, they promised;
To love with no love to die for,
No union to feel uncoupled;
They ushered in, to a beautiful end of a beginning.

3. Cold Touch of a Warm Embrace

Your cold touch lit a fire I couldn't name,
Your warm embrace — a shiver, soft and deep.
My unworthy hands found you, like a flame
Finds darkness — only in the arms of sleep.
I leaned into a you that doesn't exist,
A shore I built from longing, bone and air.
Your fragrance — nothing but the morning mist,
Your lips — a hymn my waking self can't hear.

The mortal mind, that tender, treacherous thing,
Weaves you from silence, sculpts you out of ache.
I loved a dream so real, I felt it sting —
And wept for what I'd lose when I'd awake.
You are the prayer I offer to the rain —
Not real. Not mine. And yet, I'd dream again.

4. Autumn of Eternity

When the last petal fell from the weeping bough,
He knew the spring they prayed for would not last.
The downpour swallowed every whispered vow,
And carried what they were into the past.
Her sepulchre — once warm with stolen light,
Became the hollow silence of a tomb.
Two candles, brave, extinguished in one night,
Two seasons, withered, sharing the same room.

He mourned the ghost of her, the ghost of bloom,
All the love he carried, nowhere left to go.
He hums their ballad softly in the gloom,
And buries spring beneath the season's snow.
Martius ends, the world moves, bright and free —
He stays behind, a fallen, leafless tree.

5. What I Carried, What I Leave

I never told you how I spoke your name,
Like a prayer the night keeps close and never shares.
You said I came too late — and still I came,
And laid my whole existence at the stairs.
You were the shore I swam toward, half-drowned,
The missing light inside a moonless sky.
I kept your storms when no one else stayed around,
And loved you in the languages of goodbye.

Right person, wrong time — the autumn said it first,
Yet even autumn gives the earth its gold.
I held you like a man who knows his thirst,
And drinks the rain, before the world grows cold.
Go, bloom, where I could not plant the spring —
I'll be the wind beneath whatever song you sing.

EPILOGUE

What the Spring Never Told Him –

He never blamed the timing. He never blamed her.

He simply loved her, in the only way he knew how.

Quietly. Completely. From a distance she never knew existed.

Every year, when Martius surrendered to the first warm morning, he would sit by the same window, in the same light, and wonder if she felt it too. If somewhere, in a life that had moved beautifully forward without him, something in her chest grew quiet for just a moment. Not grief. Not longing. Just a pause. The kind only hearts that have truly touched can recognise in each other, across any distance, across any silence.

These words were never poetry to him. They were confessions he was too afraid to speak.

Dressed in metaphor. Hidden in spring.

Buried in a sepulchre only he could find.

The sonnets lived in a drawer he never locked. Not because he wanted to revisit them, but because locking them felt like lying — like pretending she had never happened. And she had. In the most real and most impossible way a person can happen to another.

He was not broken. That was the part no one tells you about this kind of love.

It doesn't break you. It just, quietly, makes everything else feel a little quieter.

He loved her the way the wind loves the ocean, always moving toward it,

never able to stay.

And somewhere, he hoped, on a night when the rain came down and the world grew still, she would find these pages. She would read them slowly. And somewhere between the sepulchre

and the spring, she would finally understand that she was never just a muse.

He wrote her into every season.

And when the last word was written, he closed the page, looked out at the spring he had gifted her, and smiled. Not because it didn't hurt.

But because she was worth every word of it. She always was.

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